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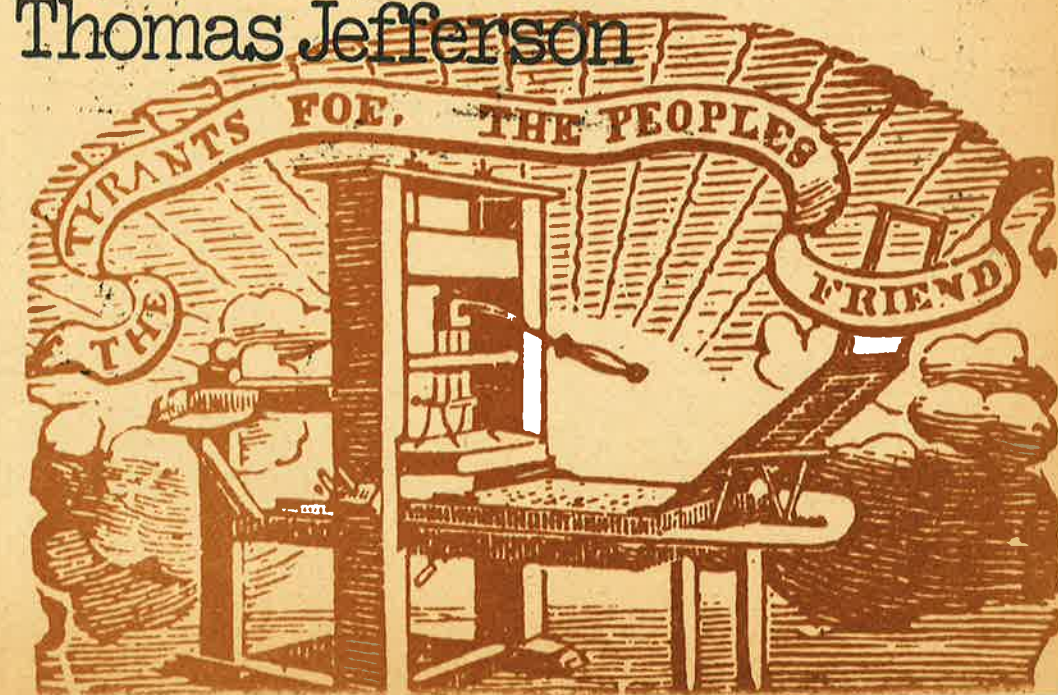
PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

Exclusive report from Maharaj Ji's
Astrodome extravaganza
Two cases that need amnesty NOW
UFW boycott news

November 29, 1973/20¢

"Were it left for me
to decide whether we
should have a
government without
newspapers,
or newspapers
without a government,
I should not hesitate
a moment to
prefer the latter."

Thomas Jefferson





Bhole Ji, Maharaj Ji's brother conducts the 56-premie rock and roll band at Millenium '73 at the Houston Astrodome. Photo by Bill King.

LETTERS

We thought we would write simply to thank you for Noam Chomsky's piece on the Middle East in the November 8, 1973, issue. Chomsky and a few others in the United States have been speaking out thoughtfully and critically on this issue, but irrational cries of "self-haters" or "masquerading anti-semites" have all but drowned out the essential rational dialogue that must take place concerning the Middle East. We hope that in the future WIN will air Chomsky's thoughts and the views of critical Americans and oppositionary Israelis and Palestinians so that WIN readers can examine the complexity of the issue involved. Again, we thank WIN for the Chomsky article.

—MARTIN BLATT
PAULA RAYMAN
Somerville, Mass.

This responds to two recent WIN articles dealing with the related subjects of living underground (Tom Smits, Sept. 27) and running away (David McReynolds, Oct. 18). Although the contexts of the two pieces were different, in principle the suggestions were similar.

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David probably expected to be challenged for saying that "...On the evidence, we know there are times when there are no defenses except, perhaps, running," for he knows there are still plenty of Gandhians in the peace movement; that, with few exceptions, running from danger would be cowardice; that Gandhi's sole exception for allowing violence was if it were the only alternative to cowardice. (Which according to him it never would be, since there is always the third alternative of non-violent resistance.) But rather than quote from the Mahatma I shall put my objection in my own words:

To be coerced or intimidated by violence is to give it the power which its advocates seek. Violence in itself has no power to determine results except as both giver and receiver allow it. Thus, from the perspective of nonviolence, there is not much difference between using violence and submitting to violence. On principle, the completely nonviolent response to an armed robber would be refusal not only to handing over the wallet but even to holding up the hands. Nonviolent resistance refuses to walk even the first mile.

In practice, standing for pure principles is not always worth the risks. I admit I speak from little experience in adulthood with personal violence. I was once struck several times in the face by a single man and fell to the pavement, breaking my fall with my hands and then taking a sitting position. My assailant went indoors where we had been talking, probably expecting me to leave. However, I simply sat there, eyes closed and meditating. He came out, tried to shoo me away, then went inside again. I was not aware of any pain, but continued sitting. When he came out a second time he tried to coax me to stand by picking up my glasses and holding them out, and was more amicable. Eventually I stood up and we walked out the driveway to our respective cars after he volunteered the information I had come for.

In the above incident I "perhaps"—to use David's qualifier—might have run off without pursuit. For a sexagenarian, heart strain could be worse than a few days of only slightly swollen lip. But certainly we all know cases where attackers can, and intend to, outrun their victims, and on balance we would have to say that neither violence, nonviolence, nor flight offers a sure defense for an individual. But it is interesting to note Gandhi did guarantee safety for a third party individual, saying that the satyagrahi, by interposing himself, would absorb the full violent energy of the attacker, leaving nothing left over to harm the "loved one."

When we come to groups, defense is surer than for individuals. Both nonviolence and violence say the group can be defended by individuals willing to risk their own safety. The draft board promises that the nation will be safe if the draftee is willing to sacrifice himself. And nonviolence says—well, at this point David's reply that he has no answer for defending the gay "community" is not clear. If he means a room full of people he surely has plenty of suggestions. There will be casualties if the defense is nonviolent, but hopefully far less than if it were violent. India liberated its hundreds of millions with only 8,000 fatalities.

Related to running from personal violence is going underground to escape institutional violence. Like Tom Smits I too believe prisons are repressive—along with Agnew and everybody else who has ever tried to stay out—and believe some alternative way of dealing with offenders is needed. But Tom seems naive in thinking the State will permit any large and continuing number of lawbreakers to slip through its fingers. The overall effect of going underground is to increase repression rather than reduce it, it seems to me.

And his suggestion of underground activities, "...that people dismantle the entire military structure by direct action. . . without injuring human life," would similarly result in more guards, more FBI agents, more bugging, etc. Unfortunately the harassed innocent neutrals, stopped by police for ID cards, will probably blame the underground rather than the military for the added inconveniences, and the peace movement will lose their support.

This is not to say I oppose all underground activities. The "railroad" seems to have served a useful purpose in slavery days. Helping Jews escape was humanitarian, but the evidence there suggests it was most successful where the activists were most open, as with Trocme in France and the many in Denmark who publicly defied the Nazis.

Where only one's own skin is at stake I feel the witness of accepting the establishment's decreed consequences is stronger than when evading them. Consider the young factory worker who stood with four others in Moscow with signs protesting the invasion of Czechoslovakia. At his sentencing he reportedly said the three minutes in Red Square was worth the three years in prison. I doubt he could have served the cause of peace better by escaping, then going underground and sabotaging tank factories.

—FRANKLIN ZAHN
Pomona, Calif.



Photo by Diane Ghisone

revolution

(for Latin Action & for the people of 150th Street)

nineteen Puerto Ricans from the South Bronx are here to tear down the old barn that blocks the house from the field and visit for the weekend they have brought their own bread platanos and some records Saturday we start work

the sides have to go first then the roof till nothing is left standing but the old beams which perhaps can be used for new structures the rest is for bonfires today we get most of the sides down before it's time to go swimming

evening we are throwing a football and taking naps cooking supper sitting on the porch looking at the old barn in fact through it glimpses of the open field when the whole barn is down we'll see the whole field

supper chicken cooked outside and fresh corn and later talking we agree it's fine practice all of this: finding out how to live good in the country learning how to knock down what's in your way and that moving together it starts to go down very fast

dick lourie

I want to share with my brothers and sisters my work on the cost of peace. Which as you know is priceless.

In my Aug. newsletter I have compiled the unit cost for over 600 U.S. military weapons from Condor missiles \$519,000 each to 3¢ dog tags. Data which hitherto has been kept secret from the American public but not from the defense industry.

My Oct. newsletter is a cost comparison of weapons going back to WW II. A machine gun cost \$74 to make in WWII now costs \$750.

I will send my work free to anyone who sends me a self addressed stamped envelope. Please specify which newsletter. If you desire both send me 16¢ worth of stamps. Hurry while the supply lasts.

—JOHN TAMA
222 Clinton Ct.
Wheaton, Ill. 60187

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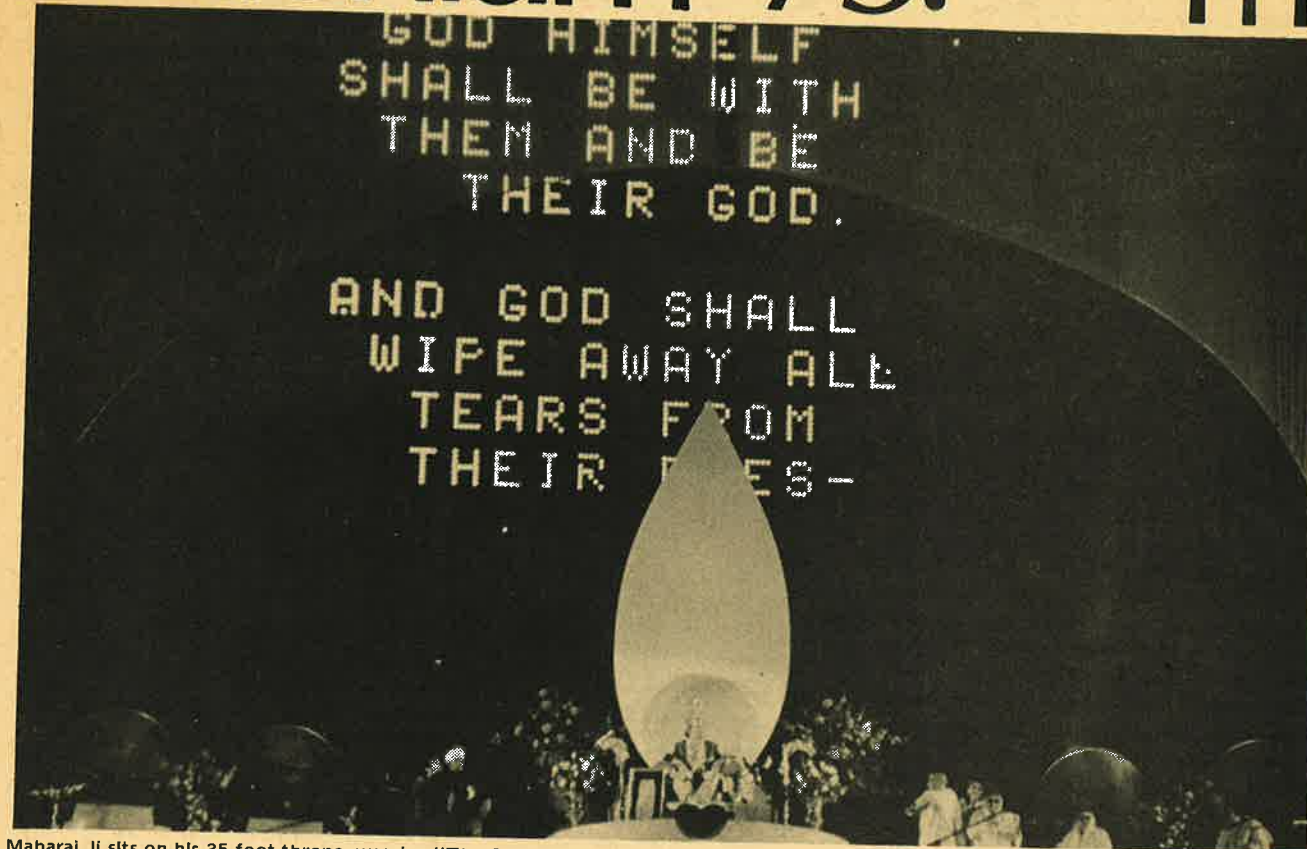
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Millenium '73: The Guru at the Astrodome



Maharaj Ji sits on his 35 foot throne, wearing "The Crown of Krishna". He denies to the press that he claims to be god. His efforts to discourage his followers from making the claim have apparently failed. Photo by Bill King.

"Saints are guilty until proven innocent"

—Ghandi

"You must put doubt out of your mind at all times. If you have questions, don't ask."

—Maharaj Ji

It is four hours after the official close of Millenium '73, which was advertised by the Guru Maharaj Ji and his premies (followers) as "the most holy and significant event in human history." And now one of the premies lies in the parking lot of a motel near Houston's Astrodome, where the three-day festival had been staged. He has no name. He lies on his back, staring at the sky.

He's come all the way from Chile to see the Perfect Master. He had stood with the foreign premies in their special section in the Dome and wept at the guru's sight, quaked at the guru's analogies, and ached with joy, when, on that final night, Rennie Davis had presented the guru with a golden swan and then groveled to kiss the Perfect feet.

The premie speaks no English, and his companion speaks very little. He and his friend had been walking to the motel parking lot from the peeling Lucite of

the Dome very quietly, almost in a daze. And then in the lot he simply lay down, with no name, staring full of fright at the sky.

His friend is desperate, for it is 2 a.m. and he speaks English so poorly and, oh, how to explain it. He stops a passerby, and together they gather over the fallen premie, considering what to do about that stunned, pathetic panic in the premie's eyes. The passerby thinks the premie is tripping on something, but the friend says no, premies do not use drugs, only Knowledge. The passerby says let's get him to a hospital, but the friend again says no. You do not understand. He is a premie and the hospital will hurt him.

Meanwhile, the premie lies wordlessly on the asphalt, without his name, seemingly wearing only a guru button and an expression that is surely seeing unworldly things. He is arched in vague pain, paralyzed in transcendence.

The passerby suggests the Divine Light Clinic, set up especially for Millenium '73. So they pick up the premie and gently try to load him into a car. The premie smells of incense. The premie smells of asphalt.

On his feet, he tries to wander in the wrong direction. The passerby softly tugs him back towards the car. He resists.

"Guru Maharaj," the premie whispers hoarsely at the heavens.

"Si, Guru Maharaj Ji," said the friend, reassuringly, and at last the premie would be led to the car.

Maharaj Ji appeared each of the three nights of the festival to sit on his teardrop-shaped throne 35 feet in the air and 300 feet from the sea of premies below. He was pleased with what he saw, reportedly commenting that this was the first *real* festival since the one three years ago in which he had proclaimed that he would bring peace to this world. (The festival is normally held Nov. 8-10 in India, where it is called *Hans Jiyanti* and commemorates the day the guru's father died. In March, 1973, though, Maharaj Ji had requested that this year the festival be held in America).

There was plenty to be pleased with. Despite the disappointing size of the crowd—80,000 had been anticipated; 30,000 was the largest attendance, and that was only on Saturday night—the festival ran very smoothly. Working under ten coordinators, "about a hundred" premies had been organizing Millenium for eight months, and, in the weeks preceding the festival's start, the number of premies swelled to somewhere around 2000. These and other premies paid \$75,000 rental for three days at the Astrodome (this was a discount from the usual rate of \$37,000 a day), plus another \$7500 for the adjoining Astrohall. To get a sizable chunk of the guru's claimed following of eight million to Houston, one of the largest peacetime airlifts ever was planned. A special 175-man contingent of the World Peace Corps, the guru's security force, was organized, nominally by Maharaj Ji's brother Raja Ji but actually by a premie named Joe Lopez, who owns a black belt in karate. The Ram's Club, where Houston's social elite used to gather, was converted into sleeping quarters for about 1000 premies and re-named the Rainbow Inn. Another 2000 premies stayed at a converted Coca-Cola factory, where premie mechanics also worked on maintaining vehicles owned by the guru's corporate arm, Divine Light Mission (DLM). While these premies slept on concrete floors, Maharaj Ji was residing at the \$2500-a-day Celestial Suite of the Astroworld Hotel.

The existence of such a hierarchy—with the "Holy Family" on top, followed by the officers of Divine Light Mission, and, finally, the masses of premies—doesn't in the least lessen the devotion the premies feel towards this 15-year-old Perfect Master. Tears were in their eyes after seeing him. Most readily admit that the institutions built up around the guru are non-democratic. They are used to cynical questions comparing their own ascetic lifestyles with the guru's opulent one. They even have a pat answer: the guru's Rolls Royce and Mercedes, his private planes, his motorcycle, and his expensive camera equipment are all toys with which he likes to amuse himself. Or they will say that such contradictions, between the guru's lifestyle and what he says, are just obstacles he intentionally puts in your way. Once you can rationalize these obstacles away, you will be a better premie.

But when pressed on this or any other of the many

contradictions of the movement, the premies will fall back on their one infallible argument: that it is useless to try to explain it to an outsider who has not experienced Knowledge.

And Knowledge is what is at the core of their devotion. Knowledge is a secret that you must be prepared to receive, mostly by expressing a sincere willingness to accept Maharaj Ji as the Perfect Master. When you are properly prepared, you go through a four to eight hour Knowledge session of *satsang* (i.e., sermonizing), drinking nectar, seeing the Divine Light (symbolically done by pressing the fingers to closed eyelids), "feeling the vibrations" within you, and learning meditation techniques.

Without a doubt, receiving Knowledge changes people's lives. The premies seem almost universally happy and at peace with themselves. They are easy to get along with under most circumstances. Rennie Davis claims that, in preparing for Millenium, a disagreement between premies "would have been shocking." There is no reason to believe he is exaggerating.

Maharaj Ji and his Divine Light Mission have been criticized as being just another religious sect that happens to have arrived in the post-industrial age. Who knows what might have been if the Jansenists or the Anabaptists had had an electronic media to exploit as thoroughly as the premies have done? Maharaj Ji, after all, was able to attract TV cameras, moviemakers, the New York Times, the Washington Post, the wire services, the L.A. Times, and much of the alternative press to a religious festival attended by an insignificant number of people. Billy Graham attracted twice as many people to the Astrodome earlier this year, but could only get local press coverage.

Maharaj Ji's worldwide following is allegedly eight million, with 40-80,000 in the United States. It's a relatively small group, as religions go. But somehow, this barely post-pubescent boy arrived in this country two years ago and has since gotten the keys to five cities, eight proclamations from various other cities, laudatory resolutions from six legislative bodies, and various other special honors from such diverse personalities as Sam Yorty and John Lindsay. He has also created a growing empire that six months ago had an income of \$60,000 a week and now is reportedly up to \$250,000 a week. There is, among others, Divine Sales, Shri Hans Productions, Shri Hans Aviation, Divine Travel Service, Divine Services and also two publications, a weekly and a monthly. Finally, he has an ulcer.

How does he do it? Mostly by hype. In the months before Millenium, DLM loosed a flood of posters and publications asking the question Who is Guru Maharaj Ji? And there are lots of answers to that, some of them defamatory.

by Bill Sonn

For example, Swami Gitananda says the guru is 27-years-old and is illegitimate. Gitananda, who runs a hospital and university in Pondicherry, India, is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Great Britain, and is President of the World Yoga Conference, says he has known the guru's family since before World War II and that Maharaj Ji is the son of Mata Ji (which everyone says is true) and her guru. The proof, he says, lies in India's Bahrat Sahdu Samaj, which is described as an organization of gurus analogous to the College of Cardinals.

According to the premies, though, Maharaj Ji is the son of Mata Ji and Hans Ji Maharaj, who was Perfect Master until he "left his mortal body" in 1966. At age eight, Maharaj Ji thus inherited the title.

In 1970, he established the first Divine Light Mission in the West in London, and then visited the U.S. in 1971. He arrived in Los Angeles amid rumors that the trip was being financed by money from heroin dealing, which has never been proven. But it is provable that, after going to San Francisco and surrounding towns, his visit to Colorado was brought about by a crash program of hashish sales of a group facetiously known as the Boulder Reputable Dealers Association.

A great many of his American premies have drug backgrounds. Bob Mischler, who is now President of Divine Light Mission, was at one time an acid freak, until he was arrested in the nude on a Greenwich Village street and brought to Bellevue Hospital for treatment. (He later went West to Denver, where he helped found Denver Free University and developed a mystical following of his own in the Tri-L Yoga Union before finding Maharaj Ji and receiving Knowledge). A survey by Charles Cameron (described as "our number one evangelist") for the book *Who is Guru Maharaj Ji* claimed that 96% of the premies interviewed said they'd used drugs. Of these, 62%

said they'd used hallucinogens at least once a month. Half regularly took other stimulants of one sort or another.

Perhaps because of Rennie Davis' well-publicized conversion, it appears that a great many of the premies have political backgrounds. But this is not the case. Tim Gilmore, a premie himself, took another survey, this time of what the premies did before receiving Knowledge. Only 10% characterized themselves as political activists.

Their political awareness, in fact, is slight, or at least hardly liberal. In Denver, representatives of the local office of the lettuce boycott have been consistently frustrated in trying to enlist DLM's support. "Lord Christ," a play presented at the Millenium, included a suggestion to "be content with your wages." No one commented. Scott Hess, a premie who used to be in SDS before seeing the Light, says he would still not cooperate with the draft, but for different reasons. He owes his loyalty to Maharaj Ji, not to the state.

Nor has the women's movement found a home in the ashrams. Mata Ji, the mother, has gone on at length in the past on the proper role of women, who are supposed to stay at home. Before Millenium, one woman who had played a central role in establishing the intricate communications system for the festival suddenly found herself shut out of a hastily-organized all-male communications central committee. In Philadelphia, the ashram has a Divine Services, Inc., in which "the men hire out as painters and the women hire out as day maids." Stuart Auspitz, who lives in the ashram, says "It's not what it seems. We are all just doing service for Guru Maharaj Ji." And Rennie Davis says that many premies who used to be feminists have reported to him that Knowledge is the most liberating vehicle available. But only one former

feminist could be found at the Astrodome, and she said her experience is "not all that typical."

In May, 1972, Maharaj Ji was asked if religion and politics go together. "Sometimes they have to go together," he answered. "Politics governs the people physically and religion governs the people internally, spiritually. . .Ghandi wanted to make the Kingdom of Peace, but that is only possible when the King of Peace is here. . .Actually, the best politician is [the Perfect Master], and he is the best spiritual master, too, because he knows politics and he knows everything."

To hear the premies talk, Maharaj Ji is now an important political force in India, with much influence in and out of the Congress Party. Yet this may be an exaggeration. The premies say that in 1971 in Pat Nam, India, Maharaj Ji's political enemies hired a mob to attack his villa and that the unarmed World Peace Corps was pressed to hold them back. Another version is that some Hindus took offense at Maharaj Ji's claims to perfection and gathered around the house, only to be bayoneted away by an armed World Peace Corps.

Whether the American premies who have flocked to Maharaj Ji since 1971 came from political backgrounds, drug-using backgrounds, or, as many premies said, backgrounds of "just drifting," most seem to have been burned out, victims of a vague weariness before finding him. Indeed, virtually all premies now characterize their past lives as consisting of little more than searching for Maharaj Ji without knowing it. Most of them, too, are white children of affluence who in one way or another intensely felt the successive disillusionments of the sixties. In that series of depressing epiphanies, everything from traditional religions to government to their parents' lifestyle seemed to be discredited, and, as the seventies began and the movement fell into disarray, even the alternatives they sought to construct were revealed as, well, more difficult than originally thought.

"We are an incredibly crippled generation," Rennie Davis told the press in Houston, and DLM and Maharaj Ji are well aware that that crippled generation is their constituency. The shows at the Astrodome all incorporated references to the sixties, culminating on Saturday night when Blue Aquarius, the 56-premie band led by the guru's brother Bhole Ji, launched into a medley of hits from that decade accompanied by a slide show of all the turmoil of that time. The emotional grasp of the program was tangible.

It was a way of saying: look what you've been through, all that pain, all that failed experimentation, all that searching after phantoms. But here, we give you Certainty. "If you're airborne," Maharaj Ji said in Houston, "and even if your engines quit, you can sometimes land safely." It is a seductive pitch.

Maharaj Ji offers other things as well: a religion that is not discredited (although he will go out of his way to deny that his institutions comprise a religion at all), and a noble social purpose (world peace). There is an alternative allure as well, for DLM is planning to construct a utopian community, probably



Followers of Krishna and Jesus denounce the Guru. Photo by Bill King.

A new-image Rennie Davis announces the "coming of spring-time" on the last night of Millenium. Photo by Bill King.



the fruit do we find out if the lemon is sour and the apple is sweet." In another interview, when asked if products of the intellect, like math and chemistry, could be beneficial, he said "These have been created by man. These cannot be good."

And his followers unquestioningly support this anti-intellectualism, although many of them are very intelligent people. Remarked one premie when caught in a contradiction: "Oh, that's not Maharaj Ji's words. That was me. I was thinking." He said it as if he had committed a terrible sin.

They found Certainty, and now they obey. Tell a premie to do something, anything, and he will do it. They cope with stress by convincing themselves to "flow with it." They obediently do what they're asked by anyone in a position of authority within the organization. And it is somewhat frightening.

For all new religions are subversive. They distract loyalties from the state, and if they don't dissolve or stagnate, they must eventually be adopted by that state. New religions also excite passions, and when those passions are under the absolute control of one man, one 15-year-old boy, the political significance cannot be ignored. Not one of the over 50 premies interviewed at the Dome agreed that Maharaj Ji would be capable of an error in judgement. They will follow him anywhere.

Millennium '73 had officially closed, and a middle-aged woman sits in a coffee shop. Across the table is her 17-year-old daughter, who was going to start school at Antioch in 10 days until an ashram was established next door to her Philadelphia home. She received Knowledge soon afterwards and decided not to go to Antioch. The mother is upset. She accompanied her daughter to Millennium only because she thought the daughter would never come home if left alone. The mother nervously fingers a small card, distributed at the Dome by Divine Light Mission. It says: "Guru Maharaj Ji can give you Knowledge you can't get in college."

And, just outside the coffee shop in a motel parking lot was that lost Chilean premie, on his back, on the asphalt, re-living perhaps the chilling, rolling chants that had echoed like Germany through the Astrodome only four hours before.

"Surrender," went the lyrics to one of original songs played during the Millennium, "save yourself some time."

Bill Sonn is a reporter for Denver's Straight Creek Journal.



Astrodome overview. Photo by Bill King.

Why Amnesty? Two Episodes

By JACK COLHOUN and
DEE CHARLES KNIGHT

An ironic thing happened as the American nation moved down the road of the seemingly endless Watergate investigations and revelation: the talk about amnesty changed from whether war resisters should be granted unconditional amnesty to whether Richard Nixon and his Administration should be granted amnesty. Each day as the case against amnesty for the latter grows, it seems reasonable to believe that the groundwork for unconditional amnesty for all war resisters is being built by leaps and bounds.

However, that new foundation of support for war resisters has yet to be tested in a serious way. While the national dialog has been dominated by Watergate and talk of impeachment or forcing Nixon's resignation, U.S. authorities are prosecuting an Army deserter and a draft resister with the harsh zeal of the middle 1960s.

The plight of Richard Dean Bucklin, an Army AWOL, and Gavin Naeve, a draft resister who took out Canadian citizenship in 1971, is a sharp reminder that the need for unconditional amnesty is as pressing as ever.

Although Dick Bucklin was fully aware of the adverse effects a bad discharge would have on his future, his five years in exile in Sweden and Canada had taken a serious psychological toll on him and he opted for the route that so many AWOLs take in order to put

their lives back in shape. Like many other GIs, Bucklin had been radicalized by his military experience, but he planned to refrain from making his case for discharge a political one.

Consequently, he presented himself to the authorities at Fort Carson, Colorado in July 1973. The Army, then, promised him an Undesireable Discharge in lieu of a court-martial. At Fort Carson this was routine procedure for handling returned AWOLs, but for unknown reasons the Army changed its mind and ordered him to face a court-martial which began during October. Since October 5th he has been placed in maximum security because the Army "felt that the Vietnam Veterans in our stockade might physically harm Bucklin or kill him." If convicted he faces a two to three year stockade sentence.

If Fort Carson officials had been more frank, they would have stated that Bucklin was not in maximum security because of threats to his life from fellow GIs in the stockade but because he held a news conference after they broke their promise to cashier him out with an Undesireable Discharge. In his news conference he explained why he felt he was justified in going AWOL and why he felt all war resisters should get amnesty. Bucklin said, "I believe I was correct in following my conscience. There will be no begging involved. I and all other war resisters are positively right in demanding universal, unconditional amnesty." He explained that it was not America that he was opposed to, but its leaders and a military who were "headless giants who not only don't mind killing the peoples of foreign lands, but also don't mind destroy-



ing their own people in order to further their own goals."

In an age when a law and order Vice President adamantly opposed to *any* kind of amnesty for war resisters makes a deal in order to evade a complete investigation of his shadier financial dealings, Dick Bucklin's integrity is reassuring. In a letter to *Amex-Canada* magazine, where Dick did volunteer work while in Canada, Dick tells how the Army leaked to his defense team the possibility that they would drop the charges against him if he would serve the remainder of his tour of duty. He notes that this is a conditional amnesty and that he will have no part of it. "To me the important thing is the long-range political and historical ramifications of amnesty, or at least being clearly shown to have been correct saying NO, and what happens to me personally is frankly secondary. . . . I am innocent of wrong and I demand total and unconditional amnesty for myself and those like me who face criminal penalties for doing what was right."

"Our strength is in our unity and political victory is in numbers. And the other side has moved to divide us but I choose not to be a pawn against myself."

Another dramatic encounter recently between U.S. authorities and a draft resister who is now a Canadian citizen, further emphasized the need for amnesty. Gavin Naeve, who immigrated to Canada in 1965 with his family while still 17 years of age, was seized last September 23rd at New York's Kennedy Airport while on what he thought was a normal "stop-over" from Bermuda to Canada.

Naeve described in detail the circumstances of his arrest: "I was still on the plane in Kennedy when they called my full name out on the loudspeaker, asking me to see the head stewardess. The plane was half unloaded as I walked down the aisle toward her. I saw two guys standing beside her and it was then I realized they were probably the FBI. . . . They stood in the entrance of the plane and then one of them grabbed hold of my arm, took me off the plane and to a waiting room."

Naeve was whisked away to the West Street Jail in Manhattan, the same jail his father had been taken to 33 years ago in 1940 when he refused to be drafted. Lowell Naeve, an artist, served four years and three months in seven U.S. prisons after he was arrested in 1940 as a conscientious objector.

Gavin was held in jail for five days before anyone knew where he was, and then it was only because the jail authorities had sent three packages containing his personal belongings to his sister in Vermont, that she found out. She immediately contacted the jail to find out what had happened, and was informed that bail had been set at \$50,000.

Jim Peck of the War Resisters League, who was Lowell Naeve's jail mate during World War II, had volunteered to raise the bail money. Commenting on Gavin's arrest, Peck said, "It was standard procedure. They weren't gunning for Gavin because his father was a conscientious objector in World War II or because his 17-year-old brother, Brandon, hangs around the War Resisters League office in New York."

Peck said that Gavin was "busted. . . because his name was in the big black book of wanted people that is kept at all U.S. immigration points." This is the issue. As long as there is no amnesty, regardless

of citizenship a war resister will face the spectre of arrest and jail if he travels in the United States.

After spending a week in the New York jail, Gavin was transferred to Burlington, Vermont, and as pressure mounted from attention by Canadian media, his family, and lawyers, bail was quickly reduced, first to \$10,000 cash, and then to a signature guaranteeing \$5,000 if he did not appear for trial. At this point, he returned to his parents' home in Quebec to recuperate from the ordeal, planning to return shortly to New York to retrieve his suitcase from the airport and visit his girlfriend.

At this point the episode takes on a note of the ridiculous. As Gavin attempted to re-enter the U.S. at a Quebec-Vermont border point, U.S. immigration officials refused to allow him across—because he was an undesirable Canadian citizen! This after arresting him on entry just two weeks earlier, and making his sister sign a \$5,000 bond saying he would come back if they let him go. Finally, the officials gave him a one-week pass to pick up his luggage.

Lowell Naeve told Canadian reporters that the family decided to move to Canada after he talked to his son about the draft problem and the choices he faced. "It was one day during summer camp in Vermont," he said. "We hadn't really talked much before that. . . ."

"I said, 'Look, you're almost 18 and you're going to be drafted. You may find yourself in a muddy shell-hole in Vietnam shooting at people. Somehow we have got to make up our minds what we are going to do.' I told him the only choices I could see were to go to jail the way I did, or go into some alternative service, or go on the run and stay in hiding in the U.S., or move to Canada."

The senior Naeve said that he no longer believes it is useful for a war resister to go to jail if he can avoid it. He said that the U.S. government, in waging a war on Vietnam, is also "waging a war on its young."

— CONTACT —

While Gavin Naeve is free for the present, and no trial date has been set, urgent action is needed to help Dick Bucklin, who remains in solitary confinement in the Fort Carson stockade. Please get out pen and paper right now and send a note demanding that he be freed with an honorable discharge, to the Commander, Fort Carson, Colorado 80913; send a copy, and a check (if possible) to the Richard Bucklin Defense Committee, c/o the Rocky Mountain Military Project, 1460 Pennsylvania Street, Number 3, Denver, Colorado 80203.

Colorado Representative Pat Shroeder and New York Representative Bella Abzug have both taken interest in the case and have directed inquiries to the Department of the Army about Dick. Send each of them a note urging them to keep up the pressure until Dick is out of the stockade and out of the service. Do it now; there is no time to lose.

For general information on, or involvement in the growing amnesty campaign, contact the National Council for Universal Unconditional Amnesty (NCUUA), 339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Jack Colhoun and Dee Charles Knight are co-editors of Amex-Canada magazine, "published by Americans exiled in Canada".

BOYCOTT LIST

—All Table Grapes
—Non UFW-Picked Iceberg Lettuce
—All Gallo Wines (if it's bottled in Modesto, California it's a Gallo Wine). Gallo labels include Palsano, Thunderbird, Carlo Rossi, Eden Roc, Red Mountain (not to be confused with Almaden Mountain Red), Triple Jack, Andre Champagne, Boone's Farm, Spanada, Tyrolia, and Ripple.
—All Franzia Brothers Wine
—All White River Farms Wine, including Tavola Red, Wine-master Guild, J. Pierrot, LaBoehme, Cresta Blanca, Mendocino, Garrett, Alta, CVC, Virginia Dare, Lodi, Ocean Spray Rose, Tres Grande, Cook's Imperial, Roma Reserve, Cribari Reserve, Jeanne D'Arc, Ceremony, Versailles, Saratoga, Guild Blue Ribbon, Saint Mark, Citation, Old San Francisco, LaMesa (Safeway's House Wine), and Vinn Glogg.
—All Safeway Stores - who's board of directors include large grape growers and representatives of other anti-UFW agribusiness concerns.
All A&P Stores

CHANGES

FARMWORKER BOYCOTT GOES NATIONWIDE

The Farmworker boycott against the Teamster-Grower consortium is picking-up steam all around the country. Students, bishops, consumers and even Teamsters are participating in Farmworker picket lines, boycotting scab products and putting pressure on supermarket chains and shopkeepers to remove the boycott items from their shelves.

In recent weeks, the UFW has won support from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, which voted unanimously to support the boycott, the City Council of Urbana, Ill., the University of Illinois in Chicago, Wayne State in Detroit, and also Cleveland State and Case Western Reserve in Cleveland.

But the success of the boycott rests with the day to day efforts to get non-UFW produce off supermarket shelves and to convince shoppers to join the boycott. "Reason and logic don't work with the chain stores," UFW-Vice President Dolores Huerta told a New York rally. "We need lots of picket lines to hurt them economically."

The following is a report of boycott activity from *El Malcriado*, the Farmworker newspaper (LaPaz PO Box 62, Keene, CA 93531, bulk orders of 50 available for \$5 prepaid, specify Spanish or English):

An estimated 20% of the lettuce and grape market in New England has been cut off and fulltime boycott or-

ganizers are working in Springfield, Portland, Providence, New Haven and Hartford, manning close to 100 picket lines every weekend. Connecticut is focusing on Finast and all major cities are involved. In Boston, all major chains except A&P—which has been harassing picket lines—have come to terms, though the supermarkets are attempting to get a court injunction to ban picketing. In Scarsdale, N.Y., Mary Burnier was arrested for picketing a local supermarket and she intends to sue for false arrest.

In the Midwest, Cleveland boycotters are working on the Fisher-Fazio chain, as well as A&P, as are Akron, Youngstown and Canton, where the Farmworker's are getting good support from the UAW and are leafletting at local factories. In Columbus, Big Bear, the largest chain in the city, agreed to stop carrying lettuce and grapes. In Dayton and Cincinnati, the target is the Liberal chain and boycotters are working on hotels, restaurants and schools. Forty A&P stores are being picketed in Michigan and a rally at the University in Lansing resulted in the closing down of the local A&P with over 300 pickets on the line. Chicago boycotters are focusing on Jewel Stores, the largest chain in the city, and hitting over 40 with picket lines each weekend. In Milwaukee and Madison, almost all the liquor stores have been cleaned of



—Farmworker picketing in Cleveland. Photo by Seth Foldy

scab wine and boycotters are now going after the taverns. Teamsters in Madison, which has become the most active and militant local in the state, have formed Teamsters for Democracy, after International Teamster leaders placed the local union in trusteeship. Local 695 has ignored Nixon guidelines, sided with radical causes and supported the anti-war movement and the UFW. The Teamsters are the only union to support Nixon and their support of agribusiness is part of that alliance.

In the South, Atlanta is focusing on Colonial Markets and won a partial victory when Alterman Foods cleared Gallo wine from its shelves. The boycott is also active in Florida and Texas, where there has been picketing against Safeway every weekend.

In the West, Denver is hitting Safeway with 200 picketers each weekend and has had success with three chains representing fifteen stores. San Diego is going after scab wine and Safeway, while the San Francisco area is busy on all fronts with about 30 picket lines around the Bay Area. In Oregon, the State AFL-CIO has endorsed the boycott and the Woodcutter's Union has sent out boycott material to all its locals. In Seattle, picketing at Safeway turned 670 shoppers away one weekend, and Tacoma, too, has an active anti-Safeway campaign.

—Marty Jezer



—LNS

GALLO IS KEY TO WINE BOYCOTT

Gallo is the largest wine producer in the United States. In 1972 it produced 109 million gallons, nearly 1/3 the total U.S. wine production and almost 1/2 of the California total. In 1971 Gallo's before-tax profit was estimated at between \$35 and \$40 million. Profits in 1972 probably rose to \$45 million. Since Gallo's own vineyards and orchards are insufficient to supply its enormous production requirements, Gallo buys nearly 1/3 of the California wine crop—nearly all of them from growers with whom Gallo has long term (usually 15-year) contracts. Though Gallo itself only employs about 500 farmworkers during the harvest, its growers employ hundreds if not thousands more. Gallo's success stems largely from its anticipation of the growing pop wine market of which Gallo products—including Boone's Farm, Tyrolia, Spanada, and Ripple—account for 90 percent of domestic pop wine sales.

The UFW contract with Gallo expired on April 18, 1973. On July 10, 1973, while 120 of the 150 full-time Gallo workers were on strike for UFW recognition and contract renewal, Gallo signed a 4 year contract with the Teamsters. A week later, Franzia Bros. winery signed a similar contract, though 70 of its 78 workers were on strike with the UFW. The Gallo and the Franzia are related by marriage. Boycott all Gallo Wine products. A good rule of thumb is that if it's bottled in Modesto, California—it's Gallo.

—from the San Diego Door

12 WIN

GREECE ON THE BRINK

On November 17, the military government of Greece imposed martial law after two weeks of public demonstrations against the right-wing dictatorship in which the government claims nine people were killed and hundreds were injured. The demonstrations, which continue despite martial law, have been the most militant since the military took power 8-years ago.

The protests started on Sunday, November 4, when several thousand people gathered in an Athens cemetery to commemorate the death 5 years ago of Georges Papandreou, the former leader of the liberal movement in Greece. The ceremony turned into a demonstration when many of the spectators began venting their hostility towards the dictatorial government of George Papadopolous, who seized power in a military coup in 1967 with American support.

This was followed by a student occupation of university campuses throughout the country. Anti-American slogans were added to the anti-Junta slogans and a demand for academic freedom. On November 17, Greek soldiers, following behind a tank, broke into Athens Polytechnic University and broke the rebellion.

But demonstrations continue despite martial law. According to the N.Y. Times, groups of from 10 to 50 people, most of them students, have been in the streets shouting anti-government and anti-American slogans. When the police charge, they melt away into the side streets and regroup a few blocks away. Tanks have been brought into the center of Athens, but according to the Times, have not yet opened fire.

—Marty Jezer

NEWS OF ABIE NATHAN

What happened to Abie Nathan during the hot war? Did he continue to beam his peace talks to both sides from nearby international waters or was he forcibly halted? In vain, I scanned the pages of Mideast war news for a brief item about him.

Finally, I found one in the November 9 Peace News. It said that Abie had continued his peace broadcasts until November 4 when he went off the air with: "That's all folks. Now we wish Salaam and Shalom and peace, and rest assured we will return."

That is, after he raises some funds in Europe. Financial difficulties, he said, were responsible for his having to break his pledge to not dock his boat until peace came to the Middle East.

—Jim Peck

PRISONER STRIKE AT MARION, ILLINOIS PRISON

According to an urgent letter recently received from an inmate at the U.S. Penitentiary in Marion, Illinois, a 40-man food strike began on October 28th in H-Unit (the prison's "hole"). The strike, which consists of water only by the prisoners, follows the death of a fellow prisoner, Jackson Fee, who had been brutally assaulted with billy clubs by guards.

The demands of the strike were stated as: 1) a thorough investigation into the death of Jackson Fee, 2) an end to all Behavior Modification Programs, and 3) a halt to the soon-to-open National Behavior Research Center in Butner, North Carolina.

Urgent support through letters is asked. Those in sympathy with the strike for humane treatment and the investigation into Jackson Fee's death should write: Warden; U.S. Penitentiary; PO Box 1000; Marion, Illinois 62959 and to your Congressmen.

—Ad Hoc Committee for Prisoner Solidarity

STATE DEPT. ACCUSED IN CHILE MURDERS

The families of Frank Teruggi (WIN 11/22/73) and Frank Herman, two Americans killed by the Junta in Chile, have accused the U.S. Embassy in Chile of collaborating with the Junta in their deaths. Horman's wife, Joyce, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the embassy was more interested in creating good relations with the Junta than in protecting American lives.

Horman, a film-maker, was turned over to American authorities by the Junta; his body riddled with bullets. The Embassy had insisted, despite eyewitness reports of his arrest, that he was "in hiding" and made no effort to check the stadium where prisoners of the Junta were being held.

—M.J.

LONDON PICKETS AGAINST U.S. ALERT

The unwarranted, Dr. Strangelove-style, stage three readiness Alert proclaimed by the Pentagon at the conclusion of Mideast hostilities, prompted no protest demonstrations in the U.S.

But in London on October 26, the Council on Nuclear Disarmament conducted two picket demonstrations at the U.S. Embassy—one at lunch hour and one in the early evening—to point out that the American action risked a nuclear holocaust.

—Jim Peck

A Book:

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY FATHER

Paul Spike
Knopf, 1973
259 pp., \$6.95 hardcover

The father in this work of contemporary non-fiction is the Rev. Dr. Robert Spike, a crusading minister who mobilized an important sector of the Protestant church for the Civil Rights struggle of the 1960s and who was murdered under mysterious circumstances in the midst of the fray. Dr. Spike was a homosexual.

The author is Dr. Spike's son, now 25, a creative writer who has since his early youth been in rebellion against mainstream America, with one important exception: he is heterosexual.

This book is really a story of both men. Paul Spike writes with great love and respect about his father and his own life, about the difficult experiences of growing up in the 1960s. He writes about the emptiness of prep school and college life, about the sexual games a heterosexual male plays, about pot and booze, about his participation in the famous Columbia University strike of 1968, and so on.

It is hard for me, even though I have a lot in common with Paul Spike and might even be a friend of his (if I knew him) to get my mind off his father. Besides, the focal point of this work is the death of the Rev. Dr. Robert Spike. The final sentence in the book is: "Father, I do not understand your death."

Dr. Spike was found bludgeoned to death in a guest room in Columbus, Ohio, on Oct. 17, 1966. To practically all who knew him, Dr. Spike was a happily married and devout minister, so it came as something of a shock when the Columbus police announced that in his room they found "pornographic magazines" and a list of "suspect" bars in Columbus. In other words, the cops projected the notion that this was just another queer murder. But Dr. Spike was not just another queer, and the police version of the murder made the national news. To this day, the murder remains unsolved.

Paul Spike is willing to accept the possibility that his father was murdered by a sexual pick-up. But he puts forth some convincing evidence for an alternative theory—that this was a political assassination, and the homosexual angle was used to discredit a civil rights leader and at the same time cover up the truth about the murder.

The dust jacket of the book describes Dr. Spike as "perhaps the most important white man among the leadership of the black civil rights movement during the early sixties," and Paul Spike provides enough biographical data to support this view. At the time of his death, Dr. Spike was fighting hard to save the Child Development Group of Mississippi. The villain in that episode was R. Sargent Shriver, then head of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), which wanted to terminate the Mississippi project. Dr. Spike told his son that Sargent Shriver was "one of the nastiest men I have ever met." He added that Shriver threatened him, saying "The F.B.I. knows about you, Reverend Spike!"

The implication young Spike drew from this was that the F.B.I. knew about his father's homosexuality (or bi-



sexuality), that Shriver was using this as a kind of blackmail. What Paul Spike probably doesn't know is that Shriver is well known in the gay community as a homophobe, that the Peace Corps under Shriver had a strict anti-gay policy, and that some gay liberationists refused to vote for McGovern last year precisely because of Shriver's presence on the ticket.

In an age of "political enemies" lists and rampant violence (official and unofficial), who could deny that a man like Robert Spike could be the victim of a political assassination by the C.I.A., right-wing vigilantes, or hired assassins. But should we love Dr. Spike less if he was killed because he had bad luck with someone he picked up on the street? What if Dr. Spike was in fact killed when a hidden part of his soul was enjoying the sexy thrill of an autumn night, when that thrill was fatally interrupted by the bloody violence of a sexually repressed society?

Dr. Spike himself could "understand" his murder equally well, whether it was political assassination or sexual psychopathy, as his son shows us that old-fashioned church puritanism was as much a target of his father's mind as white racism.

To understand his father's death, at least, Paul Spike has to understand the sweeping presence of sexual repression in America. He needs to understand what motivates a young gay Christian who feels the call of his church (for such was his father) to choose the straight life of the ministry, wife and family, and he needs to understand the pain and the price of such clostetry.

Unfortunately, instead of trying to understand these things, young Spike foolishly probes the "cause" of his father's homosexuality, reminding us repeatedly of how Robert Spike was deprived of fatherly love in his childhood. This psychoanalytical drive, which carries over into Paul Spike's presumed self-awareness, is not helpful at all. It seems out of place in the writings of a would-be rebel.

The author of this book has presumably written a work of great love, but clearly he does not love the part of his father that is homosexual. In the very book written to eulogize his father, Paul Spike comes across as a fag-hater. His prep school teachers include one Mr. Fendler: "Mr. Fendler is an obnoxious little man. He hangs around the wrestlers and most everyone agrees he is a queer." Paul Spike doesn't tell us whether the wrestlers were obnoxious or not. And then there's Mr. Keller, a disciplinarian who speaks "in an effeminate voice." We are not told whether there are any disciplinarians at school who speak in a masculine voice; perhaps there were none. And finally, there is Ted, the minister who, according to Paul Spike's account, made a disagreeable drunken play for our author and spilled the beans about his father. He is made out to be the worst person in the whole book. I don't know any-

thing about Ted, and maybe he was drunk, obnoxious and indiscreet, but perhaps he was just sick and tired of watching the Rev. Dr. Robert Spike live the dishonest life of a closet case, laughing at fag jokes (as Paul tells us he did), and having his son love him for what he was not. Paul Spike, can't you love your father as the homosexual he was? And why do you have to assert your own heterosexuality with such overbearing emphasis?

These anti-gay put-downs wouldn't be half so bad—I could call it "honest writing"—if they didn't have an infuriating counter-point. When he writes with pride about his father's association with James Baldwin, Allen Ginsberg, and the bohemians he knew as pastor of the Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village, Paul Spike fails to remind the reader, or himself, that these people are queers, too.

One of Paul Spike's few insights into homophobia comes when he notices angrily that the Church establishment, once the homosexual angle is introduced at the time of the murder, seems to diminish its respect for his father. Young Spike expresses his outrage, but it seems so shallow given the rest of the book.

Paul Spike needs a good dose of gay liberation; then maybe he can begin to understand his father's death, and more important, he can begin to love his father in his full reality.

In the meantime, I want to say thank you to Paul Spike for presenting us this portrait of our gay brother, the Rev. Dr. Robert Spike, who believed and fought for freedom and justice and Christian ideals as he saw them. It is a portrait well worth reading. From this portrait and despite his closetry, it is clear to me that if Dr. Spike were alive today, he would almost certainly be one of those few ministers inside the Protestant establishment speaking out courageously in favor of a Christian role in the gay liberation movement, firmly rejecting the horrendous notion that homosexuals do not live with the grace of God.

—Allen Young

Allen Young is a graduate of Columbia Journalism School and is active in Gay Liberation.

A Film:

I went to see *The Way We Were* for two reasons: first, because Robert Redford turns me on; and second, because when I was a teenager people told me I looked like Barbra Streisand. And also, the movie was billed as a "great love story" and I was in the mood for a good cry.

The film turned out to be far more moving than I had anticipated, not because the story was so tragic, but because it made such a powerful—and accurate—statement about radicalism as a personality trait. This time when I identified with Streisand's character it was not because we bore physical similarities, but because I saw more of myself than I liked—qualities peculiar to me and other radicals that are both self-defeating and defeating to our causes.

The movie begins in the 1930's. Streisand, as Katy, is a campus Communist Party spokeswoman for peace and aid to Loyalist Spain. A hardcore radical, her whole life revolves around her politics, making her a one-dimensional woman. She is a dynamite speaker, and at one point, at an anti-conscription rally, she comes close to transforming the entire audience, which has been largely apathetic, to anti-warriors. She loses their sympathy in the end, however, when she gets hysterical at seeing a sign, "Any Peace But

Katy's Piece", raised behind her platform. When Redford—as Hubbell, the super jock—tells her that if she had laughed she wouldn't have lost the audience, she just says that it wasn't funny.

It was her attitude, more than just her politics, which made "fitting in" difficult for her. Katy is like a radical robot whose abilities did not extend to laughing or dancing or doing anything "regular" people do. And she became the subject and object of cruel jokes that ranged from wise cracks about Russia to references to her unattractiveness.

Through the various miracles of modern movie-making, Katy and Hubbell fall in love. Katy manages to overlook Hubbell's lack of commitment, and he just lets her rave about the State of the World without listening. They muddle through an affair, spending wonderful nights in bed, and disastrous evenings with Hubbell's rich and snooty friends. It is at the Beekman Place parties that Katy's strength and poignancy are most evident. Her politics and morality made it impossible for her to laugh at crude jokes about war, starvation, and Roosevelt's death; and Hubbell's friends thought of her as merely someone to endure if they wanted her lover's friendship. She was unable to shed her cloak of seriousness, and they were unable to understand and respect her sensitivity. At one point, after Katy made a particularly heavy attack on his friends' values, an exasperated Hubbell tells her that carrying the burdens of the world on her shoulders won't ease anyone else's load. She storms out.

The movie set then shifts to Hollywood, where the now-married Katy and Hubbell are struggling to produce a film from Hubbell's moderately successful novel. It is the 50's, and you know whose cause Katy is espousing now. Hubbell is fearful for his career, and finally the tensions become unsurmountable and they part.

It is easy for people to sympathize with Katy: those who agree with her politics are of course quick to condemn the thoughtless and callous masses who rejected her, and even those who don't agree with her are sure to appreciate her pain at losing a man who looks like the Netherland's version of Adonis. But she deserves more careful consideration, I think, because so many of us, in our zeal, have behaved like her, and lost public support because of it, as she did. To the general public, for whom wars occur only on the evening news and for whom poverty is a condition that exists on the other side of town, our concerns are excessive and our intensity depressing.

The Way We Were captures the essence of the personality differences between radicals and the rest of society. While a trifle overblown, the story conveys these communication gaps in a way so realistic it is more like a psychodrama than a work of fiction for a general audience.

Many will think the ending of the movie was sad, for Katy had lost her one true love and Hubbell was unable to find happiness with the idle rich he returned to. My feelings are mixed, however. In the last scene Katy is staffing a Ban the Bomb table in the street, again totally involved in politics. She is now married to David X. Cohen, and no longer irons her hair or struggles to overcome her Brooklyn accent. While I believe that her potential for contentment is greater at the end than when she was with Hubbell, I can't help but be upset by her return to the womb of radical politics where her somberness will go unchallenged and her anger unchecked. As long as radicals go on serving our own needs first, without consideration of the feelings and orientations of society in general, we will be sacrificing our commitment for our egos, and I think our dreams must lead us farther than that.

—Wendy Schwartz

Wendy Schwartz is on the Executive Committee of the War Resisters League, and she has a good sense of humor.

PEOPLE'S BULLETIN BOARD

Free if no \$ involved but limited to 20 words. Otherwise \$1 every 10 words.

HANG IN THERE, an album by HOLLY NEAR. The songs, born of experiences travelling with the FTA Show and with the Indochina Peace Campaign, speak of war, women, and change. (\$3.50) Redwood Records, 565 Doolin Canyon, Ukiah, Ca. 95482. Airmail with your holiday card enclosed (\$4.50).

SAY GOODBYE, DICK! Bumperstickers—35¢. Inquire about bulk rates. Checks to N.J. SANE, 324-W Bloomfield, Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042.

VETERAN FOR AMNESTY—VIETNAM VETERAN FOR AMNESTY—SUPPORT AMNESTY—I SUPPORT AMNESTY—bumperstickers \$.35. Quantity rates available. VVAW/WSO, 306 West 39th Street, K.C., MO 64111

BUMPER STICKERS: Impeach the Cox Sacker; Behind every Watergate is a Mill House; If you think he's guilty—HONK! Others .75 each 3/\$1.75. Freedom Center; 355 Boylston St.; Boston, Mass. 02116.

Communities: consultation, free literature list; Community Service, Inc., Box 243a, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

Noted craftswoman Karin Thies DIGIA will conduct three workshops, covering a variety of basic techniques in macrame, off-the-loom weaving, pottery, making simple gifts and creative gift packaging. The workshops will be held at WRL headquarters, 339 Lafayette Street, from 1 to 4 p.m. on November 24, December 1, and 8. This is a benefit for the WRL so a minimum contribution of \$25 is required for admission to any one of the sessions. Call (212)228-0450 for info.

Attend the Northwest Ohio Fellowship of Reconciliation Workshop, December 1 & 2, 1973 at Swiss Farm-Bluffton, Ohio. Write, FOR, 621 1/2 N. Metcalf, Lima, Ohio 45801.

POSTCARDS. I'm silk-screening postcards from my paper cuttings. Approx. 5" x 7", printed in white on lovely papers. Will send you 9 for \$1. ppd. Mark Morris, Box 38, Poe, WV 26683.

U.S. MILITARY BUDGET...THE TRIL-LION DOLLAR RAT HOLE, a one-page leaflet explaining what constructive use could be made of the money used on the military. Send for a sample. If you like it, you can get as many as you need for distribution FREE. White House Daily Meeting, 120 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, DC 20002.

DANCERS (ANY ORIGINS, SHAPE, AGE) Needing to live as an ex-urban intentional family, working, performing, gardening, please write Jon Mejer, PO Box 151, Ellensburg, Washington 98926 to trade perspectives.

Prisoners collecting stamps. Donations of stamps, Albums, Books, Anything Philatelic needed. Terry L. Flower; P.O.B. 2304-Station B-Lincoln, Nebraska 68502.

XMAS coming. Children's wards need toys, games or any item that might brighten up a hege, dank city hospital. All contributions gratefully accepted. Ms. Linda M. Shepherd; 569 A Linden Blvd.; Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

We are starting an alternative community in rural Maine dedicated to cooperative and honest personal interaction and active social change efforts—We are looking for more people who share our goals. If you are seriously interested, write to New Town Project (Fayerweather Community), 95 Fayerweather St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138. Or call 661-3832 or 547-4327.

Two Chilean university students are in need of jobs here in New York. If any WIN readers can offer them employment or refer them to someone who can, please contact: Jonathan Lee, 706 B Carman Hall, Columbia University, N.Y.C. 10027.

Storefront food-coop needs \$6,500 in low interest or interest-free loan—to be paid back in one year. An idea come of age in a community ready to support a food-coop but without sufficient seed bread. If you can help, or know who can, please contact: RSK or PWK; IV Life Resources; 892 Camino Del Sur; Isla Vista, CA 93017.

I have been incarcerated for 4 years and hopefully will be out in a few months. Would like to hear from anyone. Will answer all letters. Glenn Ray McColor; P.O. Box 779, Number 126976; Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Handmade Christmas holiday gift tags, 25 to a pkg.—50¢ per single package, 2 packages for \$1.00, minimum order \$1.00. Tags made from used Christmas cards—an ecological plus. All proceeds go to the peace group of the purchaser's choice. Checks can be made out directly to the peace group, with an enclosed correctly addressed and stamped envelope to the peace group enclosed in the order. Order from: Muriel C. Hyman, 10 Tamaques Way, Westfield, NJ 07090.

JOIN THE STRUGGLE for justice for farm workers. Full-time and part-time help needed. UFW, 134 Elmwood Number 3, Evanston, Illinois 60202.

As Long As The River Shall Flow

THE 1974 WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE PEACE CALENDAR AND APPOINTMENT BOOK

Selected by Dolores McAuliffe, and with a special introduction by Dick Gregory, the 1974 Peace Calendar contains insights into the lives, visions and anguish of the Indians of North America.

Only slowly are we becoming aware of the wisdom of the first Americans, living as they did with respect for the land, counting the clouds and rivers as aspects of a total reality. Pressed now by pollution and smog, we are willing to look back and learn from those whose land we took by violence and deceit.

No chapter in American history is more shameful than the treatment meted out to the first inhabitants of this land. There is no way we can compensate the Indians for the betrayal imposed on them. But we can learn from them, and in the process of learning, we can hopefully find once more the natural path followed so long ago by these, the natives of our common land.

The 1974 Peace Calendar contains not only quotes from Indian writing and statements, but drawings, photographs and illustrations.

- * a page for every week in the year
- a listing of peace organizations and periodicals, American and foreign
- blank pages for notes and advance appointments in 1975
- 128 page, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", wire-bound and flat-opening; the calendar pages can be removed when the year is over, leaving a bound volume for your permanent library.

The Peace Calendar is a unique and inexpensive gift that will be in use each day and remembered the whole year through.

\$2.75 \$5 for two

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War Resisters League
339 Lafayette Street New York, N.Y. 10012

Give a gift of Peace this year



(and receive a free gift for yourself)

What better way to celebrate the holiday season and share with your friends than to give a gift subscription to WIN, the magazine that brings news of peace week after week. It's a gift that provides valuable information and interesting articles long after most gifts are forgotten.

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